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DANCES

Annual Dance

The one general dance (*yimdgi*) of the year is hardly to be classed as religious, for it serves a social end, yet it is also a means of obtaining rain and prosperity. Certainly the pleasure element is uppermost for the majority of those attending. It is performed at the end of August or the beginning of September, when the harvest is gathered. At this time Navaho, Hopi, and Walapai visitors come to share the abundance and to trade, the several days of festivities furnishing the principal diversion of the year. In 1918 a somewhat impromptu affair was given on August eighteenth and a more extended dance in the middle of September lasting two days and nights; in 1919, the dance was held September twelfth to fifteenth occupying three nights and the intervening days.

The dance of August 1918, although held by day, was typical, save in one respect, namely, that most of the active men and women were absent in attendance on a mourning ceremony given by the Walapai. The dance ground, a disputed tract in the middle of the village, was voluntarily cleared by some boys, who piled the brush about the edges; this was the only approach to an enclosure. People began to arrive in the early afternoon, the men congregating apart from their families. Curiously enough, although the women sat together they formed three slightly separated groups; those from camps 7–18 (see map, Fig. 50) were at the southern end, camps 44–53 at the north, with the families from the middle section of the village between. Clearly this was not only an expression of the relationships prevailing between neighbors, but also of a degree of cohesion among neighbors as such. The older men smoked; the younger played games of chance; the women, when not engaged in preparing food for the subsequent feast, prepared basketry material. By midafternoon the entire village, with the exception of a few old women attending the sick, had arrived. Sinyella thereupon directed that a space be cleared to receive the food, arranged part of it that the men might eat, and distributed the remainder among the groups of women and children. At its conclusion, Sinyella and Manakadja, the only chiefs present, rose from their places before the men and addressed a moral discourse to the women and children, stating as well, that although the dance had not been given for several years, on this occasion it should be resumed in its old form. At this time, the heat of the day abating, the dance commenced.

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527 535 Sinyella took up a position beside Rock Jones, a shaman who carried the drum, facing a pole set up at the center of the dance ground. Here they sang. Rock Jones wore a fox or coyote skin pendent from the [301] back of his belt; a mask-like band of brown paint was drawn across his [302] eyes. Others hesitated to join, until one old woman, bursting into an exhortation to dance, set an example. The circle of dancers, men and women interspersed (*dʃĭkádʃi'kĭgd*, dove-tailed), stood shoulder to shoulder holding hands, with the drummer usually within the circle. In joining hands the backs are in contact and the fingers dove-tailed. [533] The dancers stood while singing the phrase several times, until all had caught the rhythm; then they began moving slowly in a sinistral circuit with a short, sidewise shuffling step. The legs were held nearly straight, though a slight swaying movement was given to the trunk; there was no stamping or accentuation of steps. Drumming consisted of single thumps [533] marking each step, without any preliminary or concluding beats. The dancing continued for several minutes, until the circle had returned to its initial position for the third or fourth time. While they stood for some minutes the composition of the group changed. During such intervals the two chiefs and Rock Jones, the shaman, harangued the crowd, which was not particularly attentive. Four hours passed before the dancing became spirited and nearly continuous, when the greatest number of dancers, twenty-seven, were engaged. Only about a third of those present danced; the non-dancers were chiefly the oldest women, young children, and some middle-aged men. Children of eight or nine took part, and even several persons with physical infirmities were encouraged to dance and shown marked consideration. The older women at least knew the dance songs as well as the men.

During the dance a grotesquely masked lad (*gĭdʃi'nd*) dashed into the group, scattering the children. His function is to frighten non-participants into dancing. He beckons them to enter with the switches he carries; if they fail to heed he drags or scourges them into the circle. On this occasion he used the switches on children and dogs, went through a pantomime of shooting them with a gun, and pretended fear of them, all in a clownish manner. His trunk was painted with black and white [302] horizontal stripes; he wore short black trousers with torn, flapping legs, and a white cloth mask. This was a bag drawn in about the neck, having short sticks to which down was attached fixed like horns in the upper corners. Round eye and mouth holes were cut and marked on the face. In each hand he carried a willow branch.

The dance broke up at nightfall, families leaving without formality. The drum was abandoned on the dance ground. Nearly every adult and

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many children had participated at least in some slight degree, such as gathering firewood, cooking or distributing food, etc. There was some philandering, young children got out of hand at times, but little ill-feeling was shown at any time. [527] [535]

Preparations for the dance of September twelfth to fifteenth, 1919, began two weeks before with singing practice. On one such night about thirty young men with a few of their elders gathered at the dance ground as the moon rose. After some discussion, they commenced singing. The old men sat close about a fire, while twenty younger stood in a circle about them. Supai Jack, the best singer, sang first, the others joining. The occasion was one for considerable chaffing. Sinyella called out admonitions, which were taken seriously, while they sang. The auditors repeated "*hówi*", good" after each song was tried. Two Navaho who had arrived to announce the coming of their tribesmen were present. Lads practised wrestling [533] [648] [526]

Early in the morning of September fifth, Panamida, a chief, hallowed a summons to clear the dance ground, which volunteers complied with before noon.

On the afternoon of the first day families began to arrive at the dance ground at 3:30; all the men were present by 5, but many women did not attend this day. Women cooked; boys ran some horseraces (which, like the discontinued footraces, were to a distant point and back). The remaining food was spread in long rows on a layer of willow branches by Sinyella and another. Men ate here at sundown; after food was set out for the women by Sinyella. The nine Navaho men present, who held themselves aloof, were first served by their many friends. Three chiefs, Manakaija, Sinyella, and Captain Jim, and the shaman, Buck Jones, harangued the seated crowd from time to time. The dancing continued from 8:30 until midnight. Hesitation in starting the dance was again noted. The drummer and song leader stood throughout at the center of the circle. Those two would sing the phrase once while the performers stood in their places, then all joined; when they were singing in unison, the drummer gave the signal to dance. Forty to fifty men and girls formed the group which circled about three times per song, stopping in their initial positions. The girls were slow in joining, until urged by the head chief's old wife. Women forced their way in beside the Navaho, who, with some Havasupai men, paid their partners (the women on the right), with small coins for each dance. Several men went about to preserve order. Some of the women had weeds hung from the back of their belts, similar to one hung on me when I joined the dance of the previous year. [526] [527] [535] [533] [301]

The Indians had gathered, dressed in gala garb, by 5 p.m. on the second day, and feasted at sundown. The head chief erected a pole at the center of the dance ground. At 8 p.m. twenty dancers, formed in two lines, one of men, the other of women, performed the Mohave dance (see p. 207). The head chief addressed the audience about 9, after which the dancing began. The average number of dancers was fifty, including a larger proportion of women than on the preceding night. The distinctly old people did not dance. Speeches were made at intervals by the chiefs, Big Jim and Sinyella. Such talks were a half hour in length. [177] [624] [537]

About midnight a masked boy ran out of the bushes to urge and whip the laggards. He wore a white mask with eye and mouth holes, short black trousers, cottonwood branches were tied around his neck and biceps, and he carried a cottonwood branch in each hand. His arms and legs were painted white, with white stripes diagonally crossing his breast and back. They danced until 1 a.m. [302]

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527 535 [439] The third day was occupied with horseracing and trading with five Hopi men who now arrived. The dance was given at night continuing until dawn. It was begun by Navaho and Hopi who sang their own songs.

[349] According to informants it is usual to provide two semicircular shades of branches set upright in the ground for the women to cook under.

534 The drum (*gwesilk̨ómid*) is slung under the left arm. It is a section of a hollow cottonwood log; one specimen (50.2–1632A) is 43 cm. high and 30 cm. in diameter, with hide ends laced together. The drumstick (*gwesilk̨ómidt'i*) is of the looped type. In one specimen (50.2–1632B) a willow handle, 25 cm. long, terminates in a double loop of 11 cm. diameter, which is bound with cloth, the whole being painted red. Formerly, a skin was fastened over the mouth of a clay vessel containing a little water. Turning the pot over wet the skin and caused it to shrink taut. This was carried in the dance slung under the left arm. They do not drum on baskets.

624 537 782 539 The speeches delivered by chiefs are in part prayers. Sinyella prayed to the ground, the rocks, and the creek as follows:—

ḥnyámátvĭ	ma'évàhag'I'I	dúyĭlniyúdjĭk
my ground	ground, hear me	let us always live

áhánlgwayúhag'I'I	ma'évàhag'I'I
I want always to live well	ground, hear me.

624 527 535 [171] The position of dance director is informally filled by any of the chiefs: it is not, as among the Mohave, the prerogative of an individual. In fact, the term *kuhá'i* (the equivalent of the Mohave dance leader, *kohota*) is applied only to a big chief. Nevertheless, there is a tendency for one man to assume and retain the initiative in this affair. But this has probably no greater significance than the direction over the horseracing assume by Panamida at present. According to Sinyella, his father's two older brothers (the eldest of whom was a chief) were directors, who passed their function to him when they died, but it is doubtful that this function was as formal as his statement would imply.

533 The song leader's position is equally informal. The present leader, Supai Jack, is universally recognized as the best singer, with the most perfect memory and fertility in inventing songs.[1] Many of the songs now sung were invented by his predecessor, Teyadjávà (corn thief), a chief, to whom he was unrelated. Teyadjávà dreamed he was dancing and singing the following song:-[2]

[1] About 1900 James saw a Chemehuevi, who may have been a ghost dance advocate, acting as a song leader, (b), 253.

[171] [2] The airs of these songs do not resemble most of those of the Zuñi, nor according to the Havasupai, those of the Hopi; on the other hand, they have something in common with the Mohave songs they sing and also with those of the Southern Diegueño which I have heard.

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Another individual, who knows songs well, also composes them; one he made just before the 1919 dance was not adopted because it was not considered pleasing. The song leader customarily carries the drum.

In the middle of the last century it was customary to hold this dance during two nights. It was also danced in the daytime in the same form, except that at midday two women, who carried eagle tail feathers in each hand, stamped about inside the circle, waving their fans up and down with a pumping motion.

At that time men sometimes wore a fox or coyote skin pendent from the back of the belt similar to that worn by Rock Jones in the 1918 dance. The weeds similarly worn by women in the dance of the next year were "just in fun."

There can be no question that this dance antedates both the California ghost dance of 1870–72 and the revival of 1889, although the latter as it appeared among the Plains tribes is clearly the same dance.[1] The particular form in which the ghost dance of 1889 took root among the Havasupai has been described by a Hopi visitor who saw it in July, 1891.[2] After a general head washing, the dance was given, as described above, for four days. Two eagle tail feathers had been tied to the top of the central pole, to which a man would climb, clinging until exhausted, when he would slide insensible to the foot of the pole. On being revived by the shamans he described his visit to the dead who were soon to return. The occasion is well remembered by my informant. It was practised only one year, being discontinued because they did not like it. All the men who climbed the pole died soon after. At that time they heard of a Paiute shaman, named Panámántà (Panamint?), living near St. George, Utah, who preached the doctrine that the dead, who had instructed him to so inform the people, were to return to life. A delegation went with the Walapai to be instructed; two of them are still living. The Havasupai accepted this doctrine and still believe it according to Sinyella. Manakadja said that the Paiute gave resurrection as the reason for burial in place of cremation, but they lied, for the dead did not return. Possibly, the occasion of the women falling into a trance within the dance circle, seen by James about 1900, represents a recrudescence of the ghost dance.[3]

Masked Dance

A performance of masked dancers (*gîdjĭ'nd*, both dance and participant) was discontinued twenty years ago. Anyone could inaugurate the dance, which was open to all men. It was given for good fortune, rain,

[1] Mooney, (b), 920, 921.
[2] *Ibid.*, 811, 812.
[3] James, (b), 256.

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CHAPTER TWENTY

The Peach Dance

175

As summer waned, the Indians' activities centered on the Peach Dance, their annual harvest festival, held in late August or early September to give thanks to Those Above for a bountiful crop and to petition for continued protection and care. 796 527 514

Men and boys hurried to complete a task at which they had worked indifferently for weeks—the clearing of brush and debris from the dance floor. Messengers rode up the trails to the east and to the west, carrying the knotted counting cord extending invitations to friendly tribes. The invited guests need only cut a knot from the cord each day, the last knot representing the day festivities would begin. These guests would bring news, and their presence would add zest and gayety to the celebration. Women left their games of chance and busied themselves at the grinding stones. Vegetables were brought in from the gardens; peaches, figs and apricots, either fresh or dried, were prepared for the big feast. [203 211] [262]

The Peach Dance was one of those age-old ceremonies revealing the true culture of the Havasupai. For centuries men and women of friendly tribes had flocked to the canyon to take part in the festivities and to trade Navaho blankets, ponies, saddles and silver ornaments for garden-grown vegetables, fruits and buckskin. [439]

A few Walapai and several Hopi drifted in for the dance, and our hopes kindled that some of the white men and women who had previously attended this ceremony might make the trip into

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the canyon. Tourists always brought news from the outside—and how welcome that was! And, too, we caught some of their excitement in entering what was, to them, a wonderland. But, since my arrival, so few had come.

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One hot summer day, three lads from Princeton, spending their summer vacation hiking across the United States, had walked out from Williams and climbed down the Lee Canyon trail. They were full of fun—and short on food, so we sold them what we could spare from our supplies. They took a quick look around, then went gaily up the Walapai trail to new adventures, leaving me with the feeling that, compared to them, I was very much encompassed by stone walls. Later, the wife of the Governor of Arizona came down with a party of friends to catalogue the flora of the canyon. They camped under the cottonwood, eating their meals from a boulder, quickly finished their work and departed. Their visit heightened our interest in the delicate plants tucked away in cool grottoes as well as in the more abundant hardier ones. And we had met a governor's wife who sacrificed physical comfort for the advancement of science.

Then there was the family from Chicago. They had driven their team across the desert, climbing down the zigzagging Walapai trail and stopped at our door to demand shelter. The frail wife and sick daughter sat their horses, wanting nothing in this world but a bed on which to lay their aching bodies. While I assembled the beds, they rewarded me with a description of the Pacific Ocean as they had seen it that summer, a sea of pale blue fire. Too many fish had perished in some catastrophe in the deep, causing the phosphorescent glow.

Then there had been George Wharton James's visit to the Indian village.

Each one had brought his bit of excitement and information, leaving us the richer for his coming. But now, when we longed only to see again a face from a world that was beginning to seem so remote, to hear what its people were doing, no one but Indians came down the trail.

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After the sun had dropped in the west and the canyon walls had cooled somewhat, the Indians assembled at the dance ground, the space previously cleared and encircled by poles interwoven with green boughs. The song leader and the drummer took their stand near a pole in the center of the floor; the men formed a circle about them. Manakadja, as head chief, stood aloof; to him fell the responsibility of correcting any part of the ceremony that varied from ancient custom.

At a signal from the drummer, the men started to dance. The women broke the circle, separating the men, interlocking fingers with them. Shoulder to shoulder, the dancers moved slowly to the left with short, shuffling steps, knees slightly bent, bodies swaying to the rhythm. The dance was orderly, but the weird singing increased in volume until the pole had been circled three or four times, when Manakadja interrupted to harangue the crowd. After he had finished, the circle formed again and the dance continued.

The drum, on which the drummer thumped vigorously, was similar to one I had seen that summer, standing on end where the drummer had carelessly left it after a dance. It was a section of hollow cottonwood log with hide stretched over both ends. The drums of their forefathers had been pottery vessels, in which they poured a little water. The hide stretched over the mouth of the jar was moistened and made taut by upending the vessel. Such drums had naturally been quite common among a pottery-making people; and though there was now a strange absence of pottery, its production had obviously been discontinued only in the recent past. In many places in the canyon floor I had dug up broken clay vessels, whose worn surfaces showed the marks of long and hard usage. They were of a dull gray, crudely decorated in black, and lacked the artistic quality found in the exquisitely finished work of the modern pueblos. Why and how these people had lost the art of pottery-making is one of the mysteries of their changing culture.

The fantastic facial decorations, a band of paint across the eyes, or the face striped with many colors, made some of the dancers unrecognizable. Gala costumes were donned, with coyote or fox

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tails dangling at the back. The arms, legs and bodies of other dancers were painted white, or white with contrasting horizontal stripes. These grotesque figures added color to the dance and stirred the imagination with old-time fire.

In this dance, as in the Walapai mourning ceremony, the village crone had a unique part. Mr. James had told us of seeing women rush to the center pole during the Peach Dance, and, encircling it with their hands, whirl madly about it until they dropped from exhaustion. He had been present when several women darted into the center of the circle, screaming, dancing, foaming at the mouth and pulling their hair as they dashed against one another or against the central post, until they fell in a stupor.

If one of these prone creatures blocked the path of the circling dancers, she was dragged by the hair to one side where relatives cared for her until consciousness returned.

The men looked with tolerance on such hysteria but did not indulge in it. As a rule they were rather stern, self-disciplined, but jolly too.

This Havasupai dance may have included some of the ritual of the Ghost Dance, which at one time was the accepted religion of many tribes. It is said to have originated in 1870 based on the doctrines of a Paiute shaman, who claimed to have visited the dead in their far-off home, and learned from them that they would return to join the living. There seems to be very little information available as to the introduction of the cult at this early period or of its influence on the tribes who accepted its precepts. Its value to the cause lay in the fact that it paved the way for the revived Ghost Dance in 1890, which won converts among the Indians from the Sioux in the north to the tribes in California.

The Paiutes were responsible for both its origin and for its revival; the latter came about in a strange manner.

Wovoka, a Paiute, was a young lad when his father, described as a "dreamer," died. The boy, through his work among white people on a ranch, learned some English and gained a little knowledge of the white man's religion. When he was about thirty

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827 To the primitive Indian, unconsciousness is "going dead for awhile." I learned this one day when I fainted in the classroom. The children ran from the room in terror, but later told me, "You went dead and we were afraid." The deduction was that one who "went dead for awhile" had most certainly entered the land of the departed and should have exciting experiences to relate.

177 However, the people were soon disillusioned. These emotional
796 orgies did not bring back their dead. Even more discouraging, some of those who climbed the pole were said to have died within a short time. This gave the Havasupai their reason for discontinuing the dance. But more potent forces were at work. On some reservations the dances drew large crowds and the emotional demonstrations reached such extremes that soldiers were called in to restore order. One agent, at least, resorted to strategy by preparing a big feast for the day of the dance. Food would be plentiful, and free—but no dancing. The feast was well attended—the dance floor deserted. Within four or five years the demoralizing ceremony was entirely discontinued.

796 However, after the terrific excitement of the Ghost Dance, the
527 older Havasupai women may have found their native Peach Dance a little slow, so resorted to hysterical demonstrations to enliven it.

The Peach Dance would end with feasting and horse racing.
796 For the feast men and women were strictly segregated. The former,
527 on one side of the race track, were discussing rules with Manakadja.
574 Across the track, the women were busy with food under a long open-sided shelter.

The men served the food, placing it, according to custom, on green branches spread on the ground. As a matter of courtesy, visiting men were served first. Then men of the tribe. Women and children shared what was left. The feast over, the leaders took turns lecturing the crowd on proper conduct.

796 Up to this time neither men nor women had manifested much
527 excitement. They had danced the previous night until long past
541 midnight, and were tired and sleepy. The loud thump, thump of the dance drum had echoed and re-echoed up and down the

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canyon keeping us awake until weariness deadened the sound. But with the announcement of the first race, the people surged forward, crowding for a place near the track, laughing, shouting and betting on their favorite horses.

Walapai Bill's bay lined up with a dozen other horses for the first race. Had I cared to bet I would have placed my money on him, remembering my wild ride on that same mile-long track. Riderless horses, always betting favorites, were also trained for these races. They started on signal, kept their places in the race and—on occasion—won. No doubt one or more of them had been entered today for excitement was at a peak.

The signal was given, the race was on. Women rushed forward waving their *sutaws* and screaming at the horse on which they had placed bets, "Win race! Win! Win!" Men tossed their hats into the air and shouted.

In the midst of the hullabaloo, I remembered the stack of letters that must be answered before the mail went out the next morning. Unlike the Indians I was not free to work only when it was "little light" and play when I felt like it. Unlike the Indians, too, I had no storehouses bursting with food. My subsistence depended on my efficiency. I had no choice but to leave the merry-making at its height, but not before I'd had a chance to watch Walapai Bill's horse nose up inch by inch and win the race.

disease which he exhibits to the crowd that gathers to help sing the evil spirits out of the sick.

If a shaman does not have success in curing a patient another may be called and both work at the same time. Calling in a second does not evince professional jealousy or cause ill feeling between them. One may sing a few nights then the other.

In former times an unsuccessful shaman, and particularly one who had failed for a long time, might be killed by a close relative of the patient who died.

The peach Dance is the one general dance of the year and is performed in the early fall at the end of August or the beginning of September and occupies two or three days and nights. To some extent it is a prayer for rain and prosperity, but the social side predominates. At this time Hualapai, Hopi, and Navaho visitors come to share the abundance and to trade. The several days festivities furnish the principal diversion of the year.

The dance ground is cleared by men and boys who pile the brush about the edges making a sort of enclosure. People begin to arrive in the early afternoon, the men smoke, the younger Indians play games; the women not engaged in preparing food for the subsequent feast gossip and soothe restless babies. By mid-afternoon the entire village, with the exception of a few very old women or those who are sick, arrive. The chief directs a place cleared to receive the food, arranges so the men may eat, and distributes the remainder of the food among the women and children. At the conclusion of the feast, the chiefs address moral discourses to the women and children and urge all present to take part in the dance and festivities. By the time the chiefs have finished their speeches the heat of the day has abated and the dancing commences.

A pole is put up in the center of the dance ground, the drummer and song leader stands facing the pole. He wears a fox or coyote skin hanging from the bag of his belt; the upper part of his face, painted brown, resembles a mask. The dancers form a circle, join hands and stand while singing the phrases several times until every one gets the rhythm, then they begin dancing with a short, shuffling side step. The drummer and song leader usually stands inside the circle and beats time, one drum beat marks each step. The dance continues until the circle has returned to its initial position several times. Then there is a brief intermission and the dancers change positions. During each intermission the chiefs harangue the crowd and urge them to dance. Generally the dancing does not become spirited until after two or three hours. At times as many as fifty people are dancing. Young children often take part and catch the rhythm immediately.

As the dance continues, a masked man makes his appearance from the bushes. He is nude except for the breech cloth. His body is painted in black and white horizontal stripes. A white cloth mask is worn over his head and drawn in about the neck, having sticks, to which feathers are attached, fixed like horns. Round mouth and eye holes are cut and marked on the face. In his hands he carries willow branches. He looks over the crowd seated in groups on the ground and picks out some one and compels him to join the circle and dance, thus conveying the idea that it is the duty of the Havasupai to dance and offer thanks for the bountiful crops. This masked figure also goes through a pantomine of shooting the crowd with a gun and pretends fear of them, all in a clownish manner. His function at every dance is to urge and whip the laggards and frighten them so they will dance.

The first two nights, the celebration usually breaks up about midnight. The third and last night, the dancing continues until dawn. During the day the men and boys play games, practice wrestling, and run horse races while the women and girls prepare and cook food for the feast held each day about sunset. The last day is usually spent in horse racing with the Hopi and Navaho.

181 and winningly. It would not be an overstatement to call these people easy-going. Unpleasantness arises occasionally here as it does wherever human animals live together, but in Supai it seems of a less offensive nature. It is peaceful place where people are loathe to interfere in each other's affairs, yet ready to help when asked.

101 Leslie Spier once pointed out that culturally the Havasupais are closely associated with the tribes of the Great Basin. This is especially true of the material, economic and the social aspects of the culture. At the same time, these people are primarily agriculturalists like their eastern neighbors, the Pueblos. This places them in a distinctly intermediate cultural position.

221 In aboriginal times, when the tribe was often smaller than it is today,
[161] early spring found the Havasupais returning to Cataract Canyon from the plateau where they had spent the winter hunting and gathering piñon nuts and other wild seeds. The spring planting was done and the dirt covers on their houses repaired. It was at this time that much of the food, which had been dried and stored the year before, was eaten.

[361] During the summer everyone lived in the canyon, though trading
[439] expeditions were often sent out to neighboring tribes. When the corn
[527] and peaches ripened in September, the harvest was taken in and a dance
[648] held to which Walapais, Navajos, and Hopis were invited.

221 By the middle of October an exodus of families and groups of families
361 began and within a month the entire population moved up to the cedar thickets on the plateau where semi-permanent camps were established and once more the winter activities began. This annual cycle has changed considerably, however, in the past half-century.

177 The food-getting economy of today is no longer divided between the
221 spring and summer agriculture and the hunting and gathering of fall and
241 winter. There is a concentration by both men and women on agriculture and remunerative employment on the plateau. This makes it possible for families to depend on food purchased from the store as well as that which they grow. The hunting and gathering aspect of their economic life has been nearly given up, making the seasonal migrations unnecessary. The
[361] village is now the center of activity throughout the year.

262 are all eaten raw, or dried, and prepared
252 for food by stewing. Squashes are either boiled or roasted, the latter most skillfully, the seeds being carefully preserved, dried, and made into food, much the same as the sunflower seeds.

263 A remarkable and at first unpleasant characteristic of all these foods is the absence of salt from them. Sometimes the corn preparations are sweetened by chewing and fermentation. The somewhat sweet fruit of the datila, or Spanish bayonet, is rendered sweeter by a
[251] like process, the pulp thus formed being spread out on large, closely-woven splint screens, and dried in sheets, often several feet in extent, though less than half an inch in thickness. The mescal of the
252 more southern tribes, the ak-na of the Zuñis, is prepared in its greatest perfection by the Ha-va-su-paí from the heart and inner leaves of the agave, or century plant. It is gathered by the women in great quantities throughout the gorges and upon the terraces of the cañon, and
[482] transported in large baskets, strapped across their foreheads, to the gravelly beds of dry streams. Pits being dug in the gravel and fuel collected by the men, huge fires are built in the excavations, and kept burning for several hours. The embers are then drawn forth, the pits lined with leaves and grasses, and the agave thrown in, a layer like the lining then being added, and the heated gravel and embers heaped above. These
● [527] burnings are occasions of great festivity and merry-making. When taken out, the agave is easily made into pulp, and dried, either on the flat rock surfaces or as is the fruit of the datila.

221 It is a remarkable fact that the Ha-
262 va-su-paí, possessing neither cattle nor sheep, are almost exclusively vegetarians during the summer months. With the beginning of winter, however, the tribe, almost as a unit, repairs to the surrounding plains, where they subsist
262 chiefly on the flesh of the game they kill. This is made ready for consump-

[P. 549B]